

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, NOT THEIR WRONGS.

VOLUME 1.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1912.

NUMBER 23.

Correspondence.

To CORRESPONDENTS: Mail your letters early so they will get to us; or later than Monday night. RULES: Write on one side of the paper only; write plainly; spell names correctly, and write "Cor" on the envelope.

Leave out neighborhood visits or we will.

If your letter does not appear, remember that it was either too late or that its contents did not justify publication.

We leave out a part, or all, of other letters as well as yours.

Our space is limited and we must leave out much that is intended for publication. That is one of the many unthankful tasks of the editor.

Correspondents get your LETTERS in early.

CARVER.

It seems like it does the people good to hear some railroad news.

Barney B. Watson has returned from Alaska, where he has been for about four years.

Anderson Marshall's suffering very much with a cancer in his face.

Born to John Bailey and wife a son.

Morgan Rowe is improving from his mash up by a stack of cross ties some time ago.

GAPVILLE.

Mrs. Kate Howard, while on her way to Middle creek last Saturday turned her horse and buggy both over, but never hurt either, but it was a dangerous pass.

Gardner Risner and family left last week for Alger, O.

Born to the wife of A. J. Brown an extra fine girl.

Lee Patrick, while working his field, caught 3 young ground hogs and Will Shepherd caught one. They are raising them pets.

Jackie Baldridge and family left Sunday for Ohio.

Irwin Jayne, "Uncle Joe," Ben Spradlin and J. D. Bond were here last week on business.

Prof. Byington, of Louisa, passed here today on his way to Salyersville.

Mrs. Perlie Stephens, who has been very ill, is some better.

The little daughter of Byrd Holbrook is very sick at this writing.

Gus Holbrook lost a fine cow a few days ago and Press Prater lost a steer. Cause unknown.

Leander Collins is thought to be some better.

GYPSY.

Mrs. Charley Howard is very ill with tonsilitis.

Miss Arizona Minix, of Swanton, is visiting her sister Mrs. Willie Spurlock.

Mrs. G. H. Howard and daughter, Mrs. Josie Fitzpatrick, have been visiting Mrs. S. H. Fitzpatrick, of Middle creek.

Mrs. Mollie Howard and son and daughter, Clarence and Jessie, are visiting her mother Mrs. Noah Minix.

Crops are looking fine on puncheon.

Prof. Byington, of Louisa, passed through here enroute to Hindman.

Contrary Fork of Prichy.

Swat-the-fly the tenth nineteen hundred and Circuit Court.

There's no news down here. Most everybody has nothing to do. A few days ago Boomer Bill said it was too hot to work, but now he says its too cold. He

can't ever get the weather just right. So he's doing nothing now and the whole creek is helping him too! If man tries to work he's considered a low down man. A few days ago Boomer Bill was indicted in one of the Magistrates' courts of Morgan county for working too hard. It was a plain case of improper and inhuman treatment of animals. It was going pretty hard with him until he thought out a scheme of beating it. He proved to the satisfaction of the court that Contrary Fork of Prichy was not in the United States and was therefore out of the jurisdiction of the Squire. He got the Squire mixed up on my new State.

Boomer Bill is powerfully scared about breaking the Sabbath day. He says he doesn't work three days before or three days following the Sabbath day.

I believe I told you we didn't have any news and so I will ring off.

I was up at court a few days ago and I heard from what Judge said that we had things going our day in the liquor selling business. Some of our boys are making pretty good money even if the times are hard. They expect to do better when crops are done. They say they will make a fortune if a railroad comes.

Now boys, I'll tell you where you're losing out. The fellows who make it are the money makers. The boys down here send nearly all their money to the Blue Grass or to White Oak in Morgan county to buy it with. That's the trouble and I've said so all the time. Our county's got to make it if she keeps any money at home. This county sends thousands of dollars out of the county every month when we could keep it at home if we would get busy and make it here.

It is probable that Gov. McCreary will not call an extra session of the Legislature to make my new State but I am sure to get it when the next Legislature meets. I have never asked the editor of the Mountaineer but I am banking on him, and I'm sure that he and I can put her through. The people want it and now-a-days the people get what they want.

Now when I get this new State I propose to let every man in it make all the liquor that he wants to. That will make our little State the richest in the nation according to its size. It will get to sell to the men and companies in Magoffin county who have the 14 government licenses as well as the big number who doesn't have them. Whether times are good or bad there will be a continual flow of the money into our little State until we get all the money we want. That's how we will be able to give all the paupers all they want. This will be done according to law so that if any man wants to be a law-abiding citizen he can do so. In fact a man must be a law-abiding citizen before he can be a Rude Johnson man. He's got to be what he pretends he is and nothing else. He can't be a hypocrite or he'll be sent where he'll be tormented the rest of his life — to Magoffin or Morgan.

That's all until we have some news.

RUE JOHNSON, as ever.

It is expected that the Mississippi will shorten its course by 45 miles as the result of the recent flood, by cutting through a neck of land below Hickman, Ky. This will leave New Madrid, Mo., miles back in the country instead of a river town.

ASK FOR



Best Known Shoes in Kentucky.

MERCHANTS, WRITE TO
WARREN P. KEETON,

Hager, Ky..

To Call and Show You Samples.

**The Tracy Shoe Company,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.**

M. P. A. PROGRAM.

Summer Meeting at Torrent
June 21-22.

Friday, June 21, 1912.
2:30 p.m.—Business session.

Welcome—Col. Spencer Cooper.

Hazel Green Herald.

Response—S. J. Roberts, Lexington Leader.

"News and How to Discriminate" J. Sherman Porter, Lexington Herald.

"The Woman's Sphere in News-
paper Work" Miss Gerde Perry, Winchester, Ky.

"Why a Member of the A. socia-
tion" Ben Sewell, Campion Courier.

Reports of Committees.

Certification and By-Laws.

Admission of members.

6 p.m.—Social Session.

7 p.m.—Banquet.

Dance.

Saturday, June 22, 1912.

"The Progress of Journalism in
the Mountains" A. H. Patton, Breathitt County News.

"Advertising Problems" H. C. Chappell, Middleboro.

"Pulling Together for Profit"
(round table):

Steve Vaught, Winchester Dem-
ocrat.

Sam Hurst, Beattyville Enter-
prise.

Miller, Richmond Climax.

R. C. Parsons, Sandy Hook Echo.

James B. Hoge, Hazard Herald.

J. H. Edds, Harlan Enterprise.

Squire Turner, Mt. Sterling Dem-
ocrat.

"Circulation" M. F. Conley, Big Sandy News.

2:30 p.m.—Business session.

"The Duty of the Press" O. H. Pollard, Jackson, Ky.

"The Kentucky Press Associa-
tion"—E. D. Shinnick, Shelby-
ville Record.

"The Mechanical Department"
H. G. Cottle, West Liberty Courier.

"The Power of the Press"
Hon. W. J. Fields, Olive Hill, Ky.

"Come Join Us" Smith Elam, Kentucky Mountaineer.

Admission of Members.

Election of officers.

Banquet.

Dance.

One cross (x) after your name indicates that your subscription will expire with the next issue, two crosses (xx) indicate that it expires with the present copy, and that you must renew at once if you want to get the next issue.

Subscribe for your county pa-
per. \$1.00 a year.

Success or Failure.

We are confronted with two ends—success or failure. To win the former it requires of us labor and perseverance. We must remember that those who start for glory must initiate the mettled hours of action, and must pursue the game not only where there is a path but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and to dissimilate; to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Caesar; to fall down and kiss it like Brutus.

He that would win success in life must make rance his bosom friend; Experience is wise counselor; caution his elder brother, and hope his guardian genius. He must not repine because the fates are sometimes against him, but when he trips or falls let him, like Caesar, when he stumbled on shore, stumble forward, and, by escaping the omen, change its nature and meaning. "Life is too short," says a shrewd thinker, "for us to waste one moment in deplored our lot. We must go after success, as it will not come to us, and we have no time to spare."

If you wish to succeed you must do as you would to get in through a crowd to a gate all are anxious to reach hold your ground and push hard; to stand still is to give up the battle. Give your energies to the highest emprise of which your nature is capable.

Be alive, be patient, work hard, 'w' te'n opportunities, be rigidly honest, hope for the best; and if you are not able to reach the goal of your ambition which is possible in spite of your utmost efforts, you will die with the consciousness of having done your best, which is after all the truest success to which man can aspire.

To begin at the foot of the hills and work slowly to the top seems a very dismaying process, but there is no royal road to success.

The path lies through troubles and discouragements. It has through field of earnest, patient labor. It calls on the young man to put forth energy and determination. It bids him build well his foundation, but it promises in reward of this a crowning triumph.

As those articles are most highly prized to attain which requires the greatest amount of labor, so the road that leads to success is long and rugged.

What matter if a round does break or a foot slip; such things must be expected, and being expected they must be overcome.

The talent of success is simply doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. The rounds of the ladder must be made of material to stand wear and tear, and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness. Never put your hand on anything in which you can not throw your whole self.

Give a man power and a field in which to use it and he must accomplish something. He may not do and become all that he desires and dreams of, but his life can not well be a failure. God has given to all of us ability and opportunity enough to be moderately successful. If we utterly fail in the majority of cases it is our own fault.

That is a stern fact which the people must learn. The leading countries of Europe have already learnt it; they have found, as the Scientific American puts it, that the "tit-for-tat" policy is the most economical in the end. In this country our way is to fix up the roads once or twice a year and let it go at that. Half

WANTED!

Your neighbor to subscribe for the Mountaineer. He needs it and we need him. Will you help us in getting him?

If you will do this you will profit by it as well as we. The more subscribers the better paper. Our goal is 1,000 subscribers.

Can we do it? We can if you will help. Give us a lift.

Rates \$1.00 per year, 10cts per month for less than a year.

amassing a fortune. Remember, too, that success and fame are not synonymous terms. You cannot all be famous as lawyers, statesmen or divines, but you can so live that all will honor and respect you. You can speak words of cheer to the down-hearted. You can help remove some obstacle from the paths of the weak. All this you do and a grand success will be your reward. Away, then, with your lethargy. You are a man; arise in your strength and your manhood.

Resolve to be in this, its true sense, a successful man. And then if wealth or fame wait on you and delight to do honor these will be but added laurels to your brow, but the gilded frame encasing it.

Noah HARWIN LYKINS.

The six week summer term of the State Normal School at Richmond open June 18th and closes July 26th. This is a State teacher training school where students get free tuition.

The Question of Road Repairs.

It was Napoleon who gave the road-building boon to the modern world, just as the Roman conquerors gave it to the ancient world. Roads were constructed by these conquerors merely for military purposes, but the world today sees that roads are "civilized," as Adam Smith called them, and it is as agencies of peace and domestic progress that they are now receiving so much attention.

Representative Lever, of S. C., figures that this country now is spending \$140,000,000 a year on its roads, under the new policy of state and national aid. This is only the beginning however, and this sum should be very greatly increased. Disappointment is being expressed in many quarters however because these good roads that are being built at such great expense in various localities do not remain good. A prevailing popular idea is that because a road costs a large amount to construct, that will be the end of it and it will never need any repairs. Some communities are already almost discouraged because they have discovered that even after taxing themselves heavily for a stretch of fine road they must still tax themselves more to keep it up.

That is a stern fact which the people must learn. The leading countries of Europe have already learnt it; they have found, as the Scientific American puts it, that the "tit-for-tat" policy is the most economical in the end. In this country our way is to fix up the roads once or twice a year and let it go at that. Half

the time the roads are bad because they advertise." — Ex.

cause they are worn full of ruts or are bottomless with mud or sand, and the rest of the time they are almost equally bad because of the crude way in which they have been repaired. If every roadmaster and every voter in this country could just take a single day's journey on one of the splendid roads of France as an object-lesson we would be able to solve the good-roads problem in short order. The French roads are the best in the world because they are not allowed to get bad. They are divided up into "sections" the same as railroads are in this country, and a road-mender is in charge of each section. He has nothing to do but go over this strip of road and keep it in perfect shape. And this plan is not very costly either, for a very little attention when it is needed saves a whole lot of expense later. The French road-mender watches for every sign of a rut or mud-hole and fills in the place with fine broken stone at once. He takes pride in his road and he can be seen early and late raking and patting and even sweeping its surface. By this method, though the road is expensive in the first place, the cost of upkeep is moderate. The people whom the road serves get the benefit, for at all seasons they can haul loads with one horse which would be impossible with a double-team in this country usually.

But good roads cost money and we must expect this. In a country of such vast extent as ours it will take a stupendous investment to provide a network of good roads, but it must be done. Bad roads are the biggest tax any community can pay; people pay for good roads whether they have them or not—in the shape of lost time, small loads, wear and tear, etc., and they might as well have the good roads and get the use of them. But no matter how good the road is or how costly it is, provision must be made for keeping it in constant repair; otherwise "good roads" are a delusion. A road is subject to the elements to a degree that is extreme and there is no such thing as a permanent road; a road needs daily looking after, and in the long run this is true economy. — Pathfinder.

Republican Conventions of the Past



First Party Gathering to Nominate a President Was Held in Philadelphia June 17, 1856.
How Aspirants Have Won and Lost Since That Memorable Meeting.

[We will publish a story on the Democratic convention in our next issue.]

By JAMES SCHREIBER.

In a few more days a decisive battle will be fought and be over. A relentless war which had filled the air with a hot fire of accusations and mudslinging will have been wound up. The Republican national convention will have adjourned and a standard bearer will have been chosen to carry the party either to victory or defeat at the elections in November.

June 18 the Republican national convention opens in the Chicago coliseum. Over a thousand delegates, as many alternates and something like 15,000 to 20,000 nondelegating citizens will be witnesses to the ending scenes of a contest in which a president and an ex-president have been the chief figures.

Things have been moving rapidly of late. Conclusions have been formed and opinions wrecked. Roosevelt and Taft have given the country its money's worth, as the saying goes. Both their campaigns have been conducted in a startling manner. Roosevelt from the time when he declared his bid was in the ring showed that he had lost none of the stromosity for which he is famous. But who would have thought it of Taft, big, genial, smiling, dignified Bill Taft?

Springfield, Mass., will be associated with the name of Taft for years to come, for it was there he opened the door to Roosevelt with an energy which has kept the whole nation on edge wondering what would come next.

The primary returns early eliminated others from the fight. La Follette, while getting the support of his own state, made only a small showing outside.

But the elimination of others doesn't give entire security to either of the two principal candidates. The possibility of a deadlock and a "dark horse" being brought forward must not be lost sight of. Justice Charles Evans Hughes' supporters have often intimated the possibility of his name being well received in case a deadlock ensued.

First Republican Convention.

The Republican party was less than four months old when the first convention was held in Philadelphia June 17, 1856. The great question then was that of slavery, while the naturalization or knownothing issue received considerable attention. Fremont was the candidate. He was defeated, but the stand taken by the Republicans on the naturalization question won the tilt then doubtful states over to the party, and they remained loyal. The loss of the presidency in 1860 prepared the way for the great slavery struggle and assured the victory of 1860.

When the Republican national convention met in Chicago in May, 1860, the nomination of William H. Seward for the presidency seemed a foregone conclusion, and until well toward the close his selection was regarded as a certainty by all save a few delegates. The first ballot gave Seward the lead, but at the next ballot, led by the Pennsylvania delegation, vote after vote was given to Lincoln, until at the counting he led, but only by a few. Changes to Lincoln followed after that in rapid succession, so that at the end of the third ballot he had 230½ votes, 233 being necessary to nominate. Then four Ohio delegates changed to Lincoln, assuring his nomination, and before the ballot closed 351 out of 440 had declared in his favor.

There was in the opening months of 1860 more or less opposition to Lincoln, but it soon died away as time went on, and at the Baltimore conven-



INTERIOR OF CHICAGO COLISEUM

tion on June 17 the first ballot nominated him.

Grant's consent to become a candidate for the presidency in 1868 made his nomination by the Republican national convention at Chicago on May 20 of that year positive. There was not a dissenting voice at his selection in the entire convention. However, considerable excitement attended the choosing of a candidate for vice president. Colfax won in a three-cornered fight.

In the convention of June 3, 1880, it was either Blaine or Arthur. Blaine won on the fourth ballot.

Defeated at the polls Blaine yet remained strong in the popular regard, but he refused to accept the nomination if he were selected in Chicago on June 21, 1888. A free for all fight was then in progress in which Benjamin Harrison received the nomination.

In 1892 Blaine made his last appearance as an aspirant for the presidency. The attendant circumstances were dramatic in the highest degree. He had entered President Harrison's cabinet three years previous. Already he was stricken with a mortal ailment; during the last year he had lost three of his children. The growing coldness between him and President Harrison was noticed, and on June 4 he resigned from the cabinet and left Washington. On the fourth day of the convention Blaine was put into nomination by Senator Wadsworth of Colorado.

It was known that he was a dying man, but at the mention of his name 10,000 voices broke into a thunder of applause which shook the very building and lasted for many minutes, while shouting, stamping and waving added to the din. It was the Republican party's last farewell to its great leader. Harrison was nominated. Six months later Blaine was dead.

McKinley on First Ballot.

In 1896 in St. Louis the candidacy of William McKinley triumphed over all opposition on the first ballot. He was renominated at the convention at Philadelphia in 1900, when Theodore Roosevelt was chosen vice president on the ticket.

The nomination of Roosevelt in 1904 was a foregone conclusion, he having filled the unexpired term of President McKinley after his assassination. In 1908 the convention was held in perfect control, and Taft was nominated.

This year there is every evidence of a severe fight. The convention will be in charge of picked men of the Republican party. Victor Rosewater of Omaha, Neb., acting chairman of the national committee; Franklin Murphy, former governor of New Jersey; Frederic W. Upham of Chicago, vice chairman of the national committee of arrangements in 1904 and chairman of the committee in 1908; Arthur L. Vorys of Cleveland, a Republican in Ohio; Harry S. New, the chairman of arrangements, are names famous in the affairs of the party.

'ROUND THE BASES

By M. PIRE

Of the eight "lead off" men in the American league seven are outfielders, Butcher or Grimes, Cleveland; Vitt, Detroit, and Lord or Strunk, Philadelphia, left field; Milian, Washington, and Shattock, St. Louis, center field; Hosper, Boston, and Wolter, New York, right field. Ruth of Chicago is the only infielder so honored. In the National League conditions are reversed to a certain extent. Evers, Chicago; Higgins, St. Louis; Sweeney, Boston, and Kuhne, Philadelphia, are second basemen, while Byrne of Pittsburgh plays third. Bescher, Devore and Moran are the National outfielders who lead off.

Manager McGraw says a first class pitcher must be fast on his feet, with strong arm and back development, an even temper and exemplary habits.

How would you like to root for a ball team, Mr. Fan, which carries a pitcher who works in the box without his shoes or stockings? Montgomery of the Southern League had such a hurler last season whose name was Beacon Davis. He was located in the bushes, and in his first game he removed his shoes and stockings, explaining that he always pitched that way. Of course the fans gave him a merry time of it, and the poor fellow had to go back to the jungles.

Manager Johnny McGraw says his youngster Schaefer is the fastest man in baseball, faster even than Devore.

The rinsed pitchers' boxes in all major league cities will be inspected from time to time this year, as the rule-makers believe that a reform is necessary. The inspection will be left to Umpires Connolly and Eustis, members of the joint rules committee, who will report in the fall.

Amos Strunk, who played left field for the Athletics during Bril's Lord's absence, is one of the fastest men in the league. Mack has been carrying this youngster for several years, and he has gradually improved to such an extent that it is possible he may become the regular left fielder before the season is half over.

Though the fact is not generally known, the Detroit club unintentionally helped the Athletics to win the American League pennant and to defeat the Giants in the world's series. Baker's pet club, which caused terror to sundry American League albinos and later ruined the dispositions of Christy Mathewson and Rube Marquard in the world's series with four base clouts, was given to him by Jimmie Bush of the Detroit club. The ball was so heavy that Bush could scarcely

lift it. Honie figured that it would keep Baker from clipping opposing batters. "That bat was so heavy that I made me stoop shoulder every time I tried to use it," declared Manager Davis.

Walter Johnson, the Washington Americans' star pitcher, is one of the few ball players who need no watching or instructions about getting into fight condition. He is a very hard worker, but is very careful of his arm. He works that out at regular periods, but he is never idle at other times. If he be not chasing flies in the outfield



Walter Johnson, a Hardworking Twirler.

He is battling out fungoes. Johnson believes that a pitcher should be in the best possible condition. He argues that it is quite a strain to pitch through an entire game and that unless the physical condition of the pitcher is what it ought to be his arm is sure to weaken, if it is not permanently injured.

The Sunday School Class

SENIOR BEREAN LESSON.

Golden Text.—Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist, but he is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.—Luke viii. 28.

Verses 2-6.—Dealing with doubt.

Machaerus was situated about 3,000 feet above the Dead sea on the north-east side. In its dark, damp dungeon the preacher of repentance had been languishing for over a year. Marvelous happenings had taken place during this period in connection with the ministry of Jesus. "The works of Christ!" Miracles of healing had been performed, including the raising from the dead of the daughter of Jairus (Matt. ix. 26) and the son of the widow of Nain (Luke vii. 11-17). "Two of his disciples" The strain of imprisonment was telling on this heroic soul, and the startling reports brought to him by his disciples only made him restless and impotent. The message that he sent to Jesus did not express his doubt so much as his disappointment. "Art thou he that should come?" Literally translated it would be, "Thou, art thou the coming one?" Luke adds, "In that moment he cured many of diseases and plagues and evil spirits, and on many that were blind he bestowed sight" (chapter vii. 21). After these works of mercy had been performed in the presence of the Baptist's disciples Jesus sent them back to their master and said, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." There was no suggestion of "the ax set to the root of the tree," but of a mission of kindness and helpfulness. One of the prophecies concerning the Messiah was that to "the poor," "who were commonly neglected and despised as worthless and ignorant," will be offered the good tidings of the kingdom (Isa. lix. 1). John was doubtless of the opinion that Jesus was not pushing his claims vigorously enough. This reply, which left much to be inferred, also contained a considerate appeal and a significant hint in the words, "Blessed is he who ever shall not be offended in me," by reason of his methods and his message.

Verses 7-15.—Honoring the loyal. This delegation from John might have been misunderstood by the people present, and so Jesus guarded

against any hasty reflections on the character of John. As soon as his disciples had left Jesus uttered an unusual exhortation. "He wanted 'the multitudes' to think of John when he was at his best, swaying his hearers in a spirit of uncompromising allegiance to truth and righteousness. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" These words recall the profoundly impressive ministry on the banks of the Jordan. "A reed shaken with the wind," symbol of a weak and vacillating person. "A man clothed in soft raiment," one who was effeminate, luxurious and pleasure loving. "More than a prophet." He was a moral teacher and a spiritual leader far away above the average type. He excelled in his prophetic functions so as to be greater than the greatest of his kind. "Of whom it is written." The quotation is based on Mal. iii. 1, which was understood as a Messianic utterance. Here was a veiled declaration by Jesus that he is the Messiah and that John was his forerunner.

• • • "Suffereth violence," a figurative way of describing the intense spirit of the new movement that was virtually inaugurated by John, but brought to perfection by Jesus. "The violent." These "men of violence" were like the publicans and sinners who gladly listened to the new teacher.

"If ye will." But they were not willing to accept the conclusion of Jesus that "this is Elias," who prepared the way for the Messiah and proclaimed his arrival.

Verses 16-19.—Exposing the indifferent.

John had succeeded in turning many from sin. His failure to do more really reflected on the perversity of the people. • • • "He bath a devil." John was not attractive because of his melancholy and ascetic disposition. "A friend of publicans and sinners." Jesus did not please these concealed Pharisees because he mixed freely with every one. "Wisdom is justified of her children." "By her works." The results achieved will in the end justify the methods that have been adopted by both John and Jesus. They displayed the presence of that wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy" (Jas. iii. 17), but the people were too indifferent to allow its influence to rest upon them. They were the losers.

ANCIENT HERB REMEDIES.

The Belief Existing In Vegetable Remedies a Half Century Ago.

A very interesting example of the traditional "like cures like" was shown recently at the Hanover meeting of the Vermont Botanical club, says the Boston Transcript. There was presented a thesis for the degree of M. D. of a century ago at Dartmouth, brought to light from the college archives, and a view of the vegetable remedies of old.

The case directly in point was, however, the "measles fern." This, by the description of an old account, was identified and given its proper name, while the account went on to say that measles can be cured by an infusion of the measles fern. This has moulded itself observable in "breaking out" on the underside of the leaves and was considered a certain cure for the disease. "There are other ferns," the old describer said, "which have emusions on the upper surface, but these are of no value at all for the cure of this disease." Incidental to the discussion, which ran over the list to some extent of ancient herb remedies, President Bradner, who, by the way, was for many years president of the Middlebury college, spoke of a demand that had once been made on him for "spigouri." It was by an old lady who was very ill and who called for this remedy of her youth.

The president is a celebrated and enthusiastic botanist, with an international reputation in the study of mutations, and, putting on his thinking cap, produced spigouri as the result. It was the herb desired, and the old lady revived under its influence to remain on earth for a few years longer. One might suggest perhaps that the dictionary would have helped Dr. Bradner out, but this was before the days of the voluminous dictionary, with its magnificent assemblage of local and unusual words.

DISCREDITS MOUND BUILDERS

An Overrated Race, Says a Man Who Has Studied Them.

There is no question that the mound builders reached an advanced position in civilization.—From a School Text-book.

Gernrd Fowke of Chillicothe questioned it so stoutly and with such scorn that it would grieve and disgust him to find this old, wornout, fraudulent statement still doing duty, says the Toledo Blade.

After years of study of the works left by the mound builders Mr. Fowke said these people couldn't build a stone fence that would stand up. They couldn't dig a well or shore up the walls of a spring. Not a stone shows the mark of a dressing tool. Their mounds were built by carrying earth in baskets or skins, by the simplest and heaviest of manual labor. They had no knowledge of the true value of metal, but such copper or galena as they found they hammered and worked into crude ornaments. There is no indication that they had a written language or a system of symbols corresponding to the sign language of the later platus Indians. Their pottery was poorer than that of the Zuni make. The arrows, spear heads and skinning knives are eclipsed for handcraft by the art of the ignorant Sioux wash of the northwest.

The fiction has its source in the love of the marvelous, a human trait that is not yet conquered by the writers of schoolbooks.

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

OPEN the door of your heart, my lad. To the agents of love and truth When the world is full of unnumbered joys.

In the beautiful dawn of youth, Casting aside all thoughts that mar, Saying to whom, "Depart!" To the voices of hope that are calling you. Open the door of your heart.

OPEN the door of your heart, my lass. To the things that shott obile, To the holy thoughts that lift our souls.

Like the stars at eventide, All of the falest flowers that bloom In the realms of song and art Are yours if you'll only give them room. Open the door of your heart.

OPEN the door of your heart, my friend, Headless of class or creed. When you hear the cry of a brother's voice, The son of a child in need, To the shining heaven that o'er you shines.

You need no map or chart, But only the love the Master gave. Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.

Curious White Island.

White Island, New Zealand, is an enormous mass of rock almost three miles in circumference rising 300 feet above the sea and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds that are visible for nearly 100 miles. This island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark clouds that envelop the island.

Love's Thoughts.

"Do you love me, Charles?" inquired the beautiful girl. "Of course I do." "Do you think only of me, by day and night?" "Well, I'll be frank with you. Now and then I think of baseball."—Washington Herald.

The Weekly Farm Budget

GETTING FLEECES.

Loss May Be Avoided by Watch-ing Use of Shears.

HAND WORK IN MOST CASES.

Machine May Pay For Itself if Power is Available—Nearly a Pound More Wool Can Be Secured if Mechanical Method Is Employed.

Sheep are sometimes called the most profitable farm animals because they yield two products per year, a wool crop and a lamb crop. Were no better care taken toward raising the latter in the best possible condition than is given the former the country would face a perpetual lamb shortage. Careless and improper methods in shearing

ing animals nearly a pound more wool can be secured by machines than by the hand method. The objection to this close shearing is that the sheep's skin may become sunburned and blistered before the new wool has grown enough to protect it. Many flock owners have complained of heavy losses by abortion when pregnant ewes have been shorn by machines. This is not due to rough handling so much as to the intense vibration of the shearing machine.—*Strange Judd Farmer.*

FARMERS GOING HUNGRY!

It's Their Own Fault—They Ought to Raise More Meat For Home Use.

A contributor to a recent issue of *Farm and Fireside* says that every farmer ought to make his own meat.

At present, he says, many are buying meat at from 35 to 50 per cent above the cost. The time has returned, he claims, when it will not only pay every farmer to raise his own meat, but to

SUBSTITUTES FOR HAY.

Advice on Growing Hungarian Grass or Soy Beans For Cattle Fodder.

"Owing to the great drought last year many portions of my fields where I intended to make hay this summer are bare. I would like to know whether millet, Hungarian grass, soy beans or any other crop can be grown successfully this summer. Which will make the best hay for horses and cows and be the most productive? How should these crops be planted? Will any of them sprout again and give pasture during the summer? Should fertilizer be used?"

These questions were addressed to the National Stockman and Farmer and were answered thus:

Hungarian grass is one of the millets and probably your best variety. It produces a good hay when cut early, but cannot be fed exclusively to horses, as all effects are produced. It makes a nutritious hay for cows. The crop should not be planted until the ground has become thoroughly warm and will be ready for hay harvest in about two months. The soil should be made fine, as the seeds are small.

Millet is supposed by many to do pretty well on poor land, but it pays best on well fertilized ground. Make the seed bed fine and turn and sow after a rain, using about thirty pounds of seed per acre. Soy beans will produce more rich feed for cows than any other summer crop. They are needed in your latitude about the 1st of June, and on account of the high price of feed this year you should sow only in rows twenty-four to twenty-eight inches apart, using two to three pecks of seed per acre. Give two or three cultivations. The crop will be ready to harvest in September. The hay is quite coarse and will look unattractive, but it contains more nutritive value per ton than clover hay, and live stock soon learn to eat it greedily.

If the soil is not rich it will pay to use a complete fertilizer for the millet and a rock and potash fertilizer for the soy beans. Neither crop will afford pasturage of any value.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

Ask the Men Who Spray.
Ask the man who has sprayed his fruit trees whether it pays. His answer is always the same—it does pay. Sprayers are not expensive, and successful spraying does not require a course of study at an agricultural college. Many fruit growers prefer the ready mixed spray, and they are best and cheapest for farmers who do not have extensive orchards. Look them up.—*National Stockman and Farmer.*

Give Them Protein.
The casein in milk and the white of the eggs are both pure protein. The cow can put the casein in her milk only through the protein in her feed. The hen can make the white of her egg only from the protein in her feed.

Panshine knew well the corruption of Russian officials. He approached one of them whom he had long known, Mikhalevich, and made him an offer of 10,000 rubles if he would arrest Liza and then secretly turn her over to her lover to be carried beyond the borders of Russia. The offer was accepted.

Panshine sold his estate and sent the proceeds, except what he needed to help him in his flight, to a bank in America. When he had arranged for relays of horses to cover the distance to the Prussian border, a hundred miles, all was ready for the attempt.

One evening Mikhalevich appeared at the count's estate and read a warrant for the arrest of Liza on a charge of conspiracy. The count was astonished.

He dared not resist an officer; but,

Students Shearing Sheep



Photo by Kansas State college.

and in handling the wool are the source of greater loss to the American sheep grower than he encounters from any other source. Much of this loss and deterioration in quality can be avoided if proper attention be given to shearing and packing methods, and that without great additional expense.

Under farm conditions with a small flock of sheep the installation of a shearing machine is usually not justified, although if power is already available a shearing machine may easily pay for itself. Hand shearing, however, will continue to be done on the great majority of American farms.

Efficient shearing requires a certain degree of skill and patience. Nearly any one can seize a sheep and rough hew the wool from it, but a smooth job, where the wool is clipped evenly, without undue roughness in handling the sheep, requires a lot of really high grade skill.

In the western ranches where sheep are handled in large flocks machine shearing finds its greatest utility. Even here its use is largely decided by the preference or opinion of the sheep owners.

The plants are operated on a large scale, with twenty to forty shearers. Large numbers of sheep must be handled daily, and considerable rough handling of the animals is always likely. This feature can be reduced by constant effort and supervision of the shearing by the overseer, but can never be entirely eliminated so long as the shearing must be done by itinerant sheep shearers. These men are wonderfully rapid workmen, some of them having records of nearly 400 head of sheep per day. They begin shearing in Arizona in January and finish in Montana in July. They are paid for their work by the head, and it is obviously impossible to compel them to handle the sheep as gently as would the owners themselves. This same objection, however, applies to hand shearing as well.

It seems unquestioned among flock owners that on reasonably heavy shears

sure it for family use and for sale besides. He goes on:

"Five million dollars a year spent for meat that might have been raised on the farm and the money kept at home is Kansas' record. And it is a mistake. It shows we are 'advancing backward' in some things."

"The good old butchering days of our fathers ought to return and with them a full knowledge of how to cure the meat in various ways, so when the 'fresch' was gone we should have some of the finest, most appetizing meats on hand the year round. Kansas has awakened, and the State Agricultural college is leading by putting in a killing and curing plant, where all students may learn this useful art from start to finish."

"What the grain growing farmers of the west have done the milk making owners of eastern farms have followed, and today there are thousands of farmers' families that never see a home cured ham or taste a rasher of bacon or a slice of salt pork that is not got from the meat dealer. Having to spend money for meat, many families lack a sufficiency of this new meatless food, and who may say that a few failures to make good on the farm are due to lack of the meat which stimulates?"

Alfalfa For Heavy Milk Yields.
Several of the experiment stations have advocated attempts to grow a complete and well balanced ration in the form of corn silage and alfalfa hay and thus avoid the necessity of purchasing feeds. At the New Jersey station actual tests have shown this combination to make a ration that is not only well balanced, but very palatable to milk cows and profitable to feed. The Illinois station has recently compared four systems of feeding, similar to those in vogue on dairy farms in the state, and has found that where alfalfa enters largely into the crop rotation the heaviest yields of milk and the most profitable returns an acre are possible.

American publishers and bookbinders generally, issuing publications which may be used in the tropics, need to give attention to the matter of employing in their work such materials as will not only resist the usual effects of a hot, damp climate, but which also will withstand the onslaughts of various insects and worms.

This is of particular importance to publishers of trade catalogues. Hundreds of catalogues of American business houses, prepared at great expense and bound in permanent board or cloth, attractive in design and calculated to merit a place in a trade library, are ruined by two or three days' exposure in an office. Many of them in whose binding ordinary glue is employed come apart in a result of the dampness of the climate. More of them are damaged by the ravages of

insects, largely by cockroaches eating the sizing or glue stock in the filler of the cloth or board binding. There are also other pests to be guarded against in this line.

For some time the bureau of printing of the government of the Philippines has been carrying on, with satisfactory results, experiments in the use of special glue stock and sizing and of various materials for book coverings. In each book issued in inserted a printed slip which asks the recipient to report to the bureau the experience had with that particular sort of binding. Results are watched and a record kept of the advantages of each particular variety of binding material.

Experience in other tropical countries is practically the same as that in south China.—*Daily Consular and Trade Reports.*

BOOKBINDING FOR THE TROPICS.

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A Real Surprise This Day.
"We surprised all our friends by getting married."

"Very good. Now surprise 'em by staying married!"—*Washington Herald.*

Nothing So Dreadful.
"My dear sir, is this son of yours you speak of adolescent?" "Oh, no, sir. He's just a little queer in his head."—*Baltimore American.*

Not His Fault.
"Liam Griggs lost his character?" "No; unfortunately, it has just been discovered."—*Baltimore American.*

Substitutes for Hay.
Advice on Growing Hungarian Grass or Soy Beans For Cattle Fodder.

Escaping With Her Lover Beyond Russia's Border

By FRANK L. CURRY

MORE than half a century ago, before the serfs were emancipated in Russia, the Count and Countess Gedeonovsky owned a beautiful girl, Liza, Ivan Vasilish, who had inherited a fortune from his father, a merchant, fell in love with her, and his love was returned.

One morning Count Gedeonovsky upon opening his mail received an offer from Panshine of 5,000 rubles for Liza, the young man stating that he wished to marry her. Liza, who knew the offer was before her master, was listening at the door, peeping through a crack to hear and see what chance there was for her and her lover's happiness. Her heart sank within her when she heard the count exclaim:

"What impudence! This man, whose father grew rich beside me while I grew poorer every day, now thinks to deprive me of my most valued serf, Liza, Liza! Come here!"

When Liza came the count showed her the letter and asked her if it had been written with her consent. She admitted that it had, whereupon she was dismissed by her master with the words, "I will teach you how to form plans without consulting me." Then he wrote a letter to Panshine declining the offer and warning him never to approach Liza under peril of the law both for himself and her. Panshine knew what this meant. The count was in favor with the government, and a word from him with a trumped up charge would be sufficient to send both the lovers to Siberia.

Panshine had studied the route and made his preparations accordingly. He had with him petroleum, cotton and pitch pine for the purpose of burning bridges after he had passed over them. Reaching a bridge across a branch of the Vistna, he fired the structure. It was in flames when the count appeared. Hesitating a moment, he dashed through the flames and across. The lovers had gone on, but were now only half a mile in advance. Nevertheless, they had fresh horses, while the count's horse had followed them for twenty miles.

The count, realizing that he must get a change, stopped at a farm long enough to do so, then pressed on. He felt sure that they would take the nearest road to the border, through Warsaw, and did not stop to ask their direction. From Warsaw he rode straight eastward, and he took this road. Coming soon after to another branch of the Vistna, he saw that the bridge was in flames. Here he was delayed till he could find a ford, when he continued the pursuit, getting fresh horses whenever he could find them. When he reached the border he saw the fugitives passing it but a few hundred yards ahead of him.

Panshine and Liza did not know that they were in Germany till they saw a man in German uniform. Then they clasped each other in an embrace. The count saw it and turned about. He knew that he was beaten and did not care to have them see his discomfiture.

"Oh, Ivan," said Liza, "how could you take such a risk?"

"By taking it there was hope; by not taking it there was no hope," he replied.

"But the prison?" she exclaimed.

"Never mind prison, sweetheart. We are going to a land of freedom."

LOTIONS FOR LONG FACES.

A Query Answered.

He was desirous of demonstrating his kindly and genial disposition. So when the canary bird chirped sleepily from its cage on the wall he spoke apologetically:

"What's the matter, bird?"

The girl glanced at him with a dreamy smile. She was a southern girl, and she spoke with a gentle drawl.

"He thinks it's mawnin'," she cooed.

The man who loves birds hasn't been back.—*Kansas City Star.*

Cast of Vainity.



"Do you really think it's dangerous to dye the hair?"

"Oh, very! I knew a fellow of about your age who did it, and the first thing he knew he was married to a widow with six children."

A Real Surprise This Day.

"We surprised all our friends by getting married."

"Very good. Now surprise 'em by staying married!"—*Washington Herald.*

Nothing So Dreadful.

"My dear sir, is this son of yours you speak of adolescent?" "Oh, no, sir. He's just a little queer in his head."—*Baltimore American.*

Not His Fault.

"Liam Griggs lost his character?" "No; unfortunately, it has just been discovered."—*Baltimore American.*

Prompt Resuscitation.

In a country school the boys of a certain grade were devoted to their teacher, a young woman of many charms. One little fellow of rather uncertain age was constantly proving his devotion by little acts of kindness, which did not escape the notice of the teacher. Coming up to him one day, she put an arm about his shoulders and said, "I believe I will kiss you for being so good to me, but how old are you?"

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. "I am old enough to enjoy it."—*National Monthly.*

Bad Boy Boned!

"How did you know I put it there?"

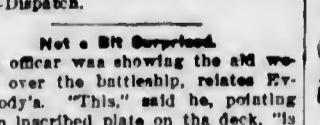
Teacher.—Because you were the only boy in the room who was hard at work studying when I sat on it.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Not a Bit Surprised.

An officer was showing the old woman over the battleship, relates Everybody. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old woman; "I nearly slipped on it myself."

A Holdup.



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Substitutes for Hay.

"Ile hasn't a friend in the world." "That's tough. Whom does he blame it on when he stays out late at night?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mystery.

"I think I know my own failings," he said.

"If you do," his wife replied, "your knowledge takes a much wider range than I have ever given it credit for."

—*Chicago Record Herald.*</p

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

Entered as Second Class Matter
Jan. 12, 1912, at the postoffice
at Salyersville, Ky., under the
act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS.
\$1.00 a year in advance.
.55 six months.
.30 three months.
.10 one month.

Advertising Rates.
10 cents per inch.
First page ads twelve and one-half cents per inch.
Locals 10 cents per line for first insertion. 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions and funeral notices 5 cents per line.
Resolutions, Cards of Thanks and Obituaries. 5c per line.

Announcements for County offices, \$5.00 cash in advance.
District announcements, \$10.00

S. S. ELAM, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Appellate Judge.

The Mountaineer is authorized to announce

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK,
of Paintsville, Johnson county, as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in this the 7th Appellate District subject to the action of the Republican primary August 3, 1912. This office has never been held by a mountain man. Montgomery county has held this office for over forty-six years. Judge Kirk is well qualified to fill the place, having served as Judge of the 24th Judicial District for two terms, being elected the last time without opposition in the primary or general election. He is a deserving Republican, well qualified to fill the office, is a mountain man and we ask that you give his candidacy due consideration.

THE PRIMARY IS SATURDAY AUGUST 3, 1912.

We are authorized to announce
FRANK BLAIR,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
L. C. BAILEY,

f Falcon, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
LOUIS MARSHALL,

of Salyersville as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
J. J. PACE,

of Conley, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
PROCTOR PACE,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
W. J. PATRICK,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
DOC G. HOWARD

as a candidate for the office of Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR PRESIDENT.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

EDITORIAL.

"Honesty is the best policy" in politics as well as business.

K. E. A.

It has been said by one of the greatest scholars of Kentucky that nine-tenths of the success that was won by college men was due to their inspiration. Whether a man was an engineer or statesman, a farmer or teacher he had that inspiration that held him to his work through "thick and thin." "Knowledge is power" but inspiration is the director and governor of that power that causes efficient work and efficient lives.

Lawlessness of all kinds will decrease when all the juries, both petit and grand, and the Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney work together for the enforcement of the law. Some of the men who are indicted take it as a joke and say that their indictments will not amount to anything. If this be the result then the work of the late grand jury will have been in vain.

The Political Outlook.

The Republican National Committee is applying the steam-roller and so far they have given all contested votes to Pres. Taft.

If they continue to use the methods that they have begun there will be a closer race at the Chicago convention next Tuesday than was anticipated.

Such a course will endanger the party in the November election, but little does the professional politician care for these results.

IVYTON.

Sunday was the Red Men's day here and a large crowd was present. There were about 85 members in the march and a great number of other visitors.

Bruce Patrick and wife, of Catlettsburg, are here this week. Bruce said he would send in his subscription for the Mountaineer and we say hurrah for him!

Green Poe is now at Canton, O., to be operated on for appendicitis, and a telegram reached here today for his father to come at once.

Osar Hopkins and wife are now making their home at Algon, O. They report a fine country.

M. P. A.

On the first page of this issue will be found the program of the Mountain Press Association, which meets at Torent June 21 and 22.

The Mountain Press will organize permanently and endeavor to work somewhat uniformly for the good of the mountain people and for the protection of the mountain press.

The mountain people deserve to have their newspapers put on a living basis as well as other sections of Kentucky. A great many of our papers either go out of business or change hands every few years. This should not be. The public would reap the benefit should they be able to live permanently.

Sept. E. V. Hall, of Floyd county who is organizing the forces of the tenth district, urges the teachers in the following words: "Every teacher in Kentucky should attend the K. E. A. First to learn and become familiar with the great educational movements in the State; second, to add enthusiasm and reality to his profession; third, to gather ideas from the greatest educators of the day, and to profit by their experience and to carry the best back to his own district." His badges will bear the inquiry: "Teacher, why stay away, when everybody else is at the K. E. A?"

Get busy Magoffin teachers and attend this great gathering. Let us be progressing in educational affairs.

The Grand Jury.

It is said, by many, that considering the circumstances under which they labored this grand jury did the best work of any for many years.

Whether they dealt with a doctor, a lawyer, a game warden, a county officer or a common plain, uneducated citizen from the far side of the county they undertook to "hue to the line" and let the law be enforced.

Lawlessness, whether it be illicit liquor dealing or murder, will not be checked until our petit juries endeavor to deal with

all law violators in the same way that this grand jury has.

Some of these men who served on grand juries two or three years ago think that lawlessness in this county is on the increase. From the instructions that Judge Gardner gave the grand jury it seems that there is no doubt but that the liquor business is on the increase.

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DIET AND HEALTH HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN
Food Specialist

FEEDING IN TUBERCULOSIS.

Dr. John R. Murkin, professor of Physiology at Cornell University, says that the theory of stuffing in tuberculosis has been exploded. "It should be borne in mind," he says in the official organ of the Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, "that diminution in the supply of gastric juice, and consequently reduction of digestive ability, is common among consumptives. Therefore the enfeebled stomach should not be overburdened with more food than it can take care of. Disregard of this fact brings about much of the digestive and intestinal trouble of the tuberculous individual." Dr. Murkin contends that a consumptive will do well and gain weight on three pints of whole milk, eight ounces of cream, five ounces of milk sugar, six eggs and two slices of buttered toast, as a ration for each twenty-four hours. I have frequently emphasized the belief in these hints that the commonly accepted theory in regard to feeding in sickness in general and in tuberculosis in particular is wrong. Any food taken above what the body can utilize imposes a drain upon the system to eliminate it and to antidote the poisons that must result from the waste—and if milk or eggs fail to digest or if the quantity is excessive, the injury is greater than from vegetable foods. Dr. David R. Lyman of Wallingford and Dr. Paul B. Johnson of Washington, D. C., in addition to others whom I have quoted, hold that the stuffing theory is wrong. Both agree that the average person eats too much. The quantity of food that a consumptive should take varies as does the quantity required by the normal person and any such advice as can be given in this way must be adapted to the case by the physician.

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METHOD OF GIVING DRENCH

Plan Is Shown in Illustration That Will Be Found Great Improvement Over Ordinary Way.

The ordinary way of giving a drench is with a glass bottle, but one made of tin and flatboard is better. Make a loop at the end of rope and



place in mouth as indicated in the illustration. Insert the neck of the bottle between the front and back teeth, keeping it up to the roof of the mouth and giving a little at a time. If the horse coughs, let the head down for a time.

ECONOMIC AD TRUTHS

Newspaper advertising is the best, for the people all go to the newspaper for news, and advertising is business news that deals with the wants of the people, directing the ways to the supplying of these wants.

Advertising is different from other news in that it admits the exercise of the editorial function in application of the facts in a way to lead to conclusions.

Advertising is like other news in that it should be honest, candid, informing, entertaining, with the important facts first stated.

Advertising is intended to teach, and like all teaching must be sensible and perspicuous.

"It is up to me and you to accept it," said a little girl, "and there is a little" bringing forth things that are new, and reviewing, newly stating and enforcing things that are old.

Advertising should be honest, otherwise it is not news but fiction; not instruction but misinformation, injurious to the misinformed and to the advertiser. Falses in una, falses in multis—false in one, false in all—is an old maxim and follows as to one article advertised not only in the end, hurts the sale of the article advertised, but hurts the advertiser. In the sale of all other articles tends toward the ruin of business and is the enemy to all permanent success.

Misinformation in advertising, much more than misinformation in other news, or as to events, hurts a newspaper, for advertising news is intended to lead to expenditures for benefit and profit, and misinformation that results in a purchase often leads to great inconvenience, and the indirect damage is much greater than the loss of money expended, while other news or information is calculated more to entertain and to increase general intelligence and human sympathy than influence investment.

Advertising is service not alone to the advertiser but to the reader and if valueless to the reader or prospective buyer, then it is of no value to the advertiser. The publisher's obligation, morally, is as great to the one as to the other.

Some people are never happy except when they are kicking.

Kentucky claims to have the biggest coking coal field in the country.

A minister refers to Adam and Eve as models. But who was the artist?



SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN

Novelized by FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From Channing Pollock's Great Play of
the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by Channing Pollock

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

MYRS, commander of the Bosnian army, starts a revolution against the kingdom of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The young queen, Anna Victoria, ruler of the latter country, although beloved by her people, is forced to resort to flight. She is accompanied by the prime minister, Baron Cosac, court chamberlain and trusty confidant of her late father, the king. After difficulties they reach Grabovica, a friendly city, and hear of Myrs' successes. They journey to Anatria, arriving at the port town of Trieste. The queen, childishly insistent, commands that they take the next steamer to America. On the boat she becomes acquainted with Robert Traylor, New York manager of the firm of Lanmann & Sons, beef packers of Chicago. In New York the queen finds hotel life expensive, and, on Traylor's advice, moves to an apartment house. Mary Horrigan is engaged as servant.

A Taste of Poverty.

THIS new abode was certainly not built for the sole purpose of providing shelter for a queen. In its day it had been considered quite an ornate edifice by such architectural authorities as the neighborhood provided, but now the galvanized iron cornices had rusted through the paint, no longer giving an appearance as of carved stone. The imitation marble walls and posts in the hallways were crumbling and cracking away.

Myrs' Horrigan immediately upon her engagement was sent to the house by Traylor to put the apartment in readiness for Fraulein Victoria and the baron. On their arrival a few days later they found everything in spike and span order, but the meanness of their new quarters, as compared to what they had always been accustomed to, was at first depressing to both.

Cosac blamed himself bitterly for consenting to allow his queen to come to this far off country. They would return to Herzegovina, of course, when they received news that the rebellion had been put down. But would the rebellion be suppressed, and when? The queen's funds were running low, as were his own. What would happen if they did not get the hoped-for news at all?

* * * * *

"Here, you! Do you call this ten cents' worth of ice?"

Mary Horrigan leaned through the opening of the dumbwaiter shaft and paid her respects in no gentle terms to the leeman.

Getting no reply beyond a laugh and a jeer, she started across the kitchen for the refrigerator with the ice in her apron. Midway across the floor she halted. The door was opening, and in another moment in stepped the Baron Cosac. His distinguished appearance made him look about as much at home in the kitchen as would a grand piano or a Velasquez.

"I am obliged to take refuge with you," he said. "In the antechamber there is no room."

Mary snorted.

"Ain't them there trunks unpacked yet?"

Baron Cosac shook his head negatively.

"Well," went on Mary, "I want you to understand that they come day and days ago."

The baron stiffened perceptibly. He glared at Mary with eyes that snapped behind a pince-nez.

"I've my hands full straightenin' out this here kitchen," Mary cried, slaming the ice in the refrigerator. Bending forward, she peered into the冰box. For a moment she was silent, then she uttered a shriek that gave the baron a genuine fright.

"Merciful cats!" she cried. "Shoes in the ice chest!" She turned and held up a pair of dainty patent leather boots.

"They are Fraulein Victoria's," exclaimed the baron.

"Sure; the woman's crazy!" snapped Mary.

"You do not know of whom you speak, my good woman. Should not one put clothes in the closet?"

Mary stared at the baron in astonishment.

"Honest! Man alive, this isn't no closet! Didn't neither of you ever see a refrigerator before?"

"No."

The surprised servant paused in the act of taking several pairs of gloves, some veils and a pair of silk stockings from the shelves. "Don't they have 'em where you come from?"

"I am not sure. We have never been in a kitchen."

"Oh, you lived in a hotel?"

"We lived in the palace at Mostar," replied Cosac.

"Oh, the Palace hotel!" ejaculated Mary, with a patronizing nod of comprehension. She poked her hands into a far corner of the icebox and drew forth a can of condensed milk and a costly leghorn hat crowded with ostrich plumes of finest quality. The wrath of the militant Mary surged to ungovernable proportions.

"Well, hotel or no hotel!" she screamed at the peace-loving old baron, "anybody what don't know a refrigerator from a bathtub sure must be dippy in the needle!"

"Woman," the baron replied forcibly, "you are speaking of the queen!"

It was Mary's turn to receive another shock.

"Speaking of the what?"

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"Henceforth this woman has my grace to sit. Now," turning to Mary, "tend to my bedroom and return."

Mary crossed the kitchen to the door.

"Them two's so nutty they rattle," she muttered as she made her exit.

"I have been having a most educational day in this busy country," said Anna Victoria. Now she began to use the plural pronoun in a spirit of banter. "Only an hour ago the commander of a public car lay violent hands upon our person and roughly bade us to 'step lively!'"

"Impudent knave!" interjected the baron.

"That car is where you should have been to see that all stood in our presence. Every seat was taken. A sudden jar threw us upon the knee of a large man, whereat the commander loudly told him to 'Hold fast!' After a pause, plaintively, 'Cosac, we must have a carriage!'"

"Impossible," raising his hand, palm outward.

He took a chainois bag out of his pocket and held up a single gem. "Of all your jewels, only this is left."

The queen leaned forward and gave a gasp of astonishment.

"The others have been pledged, hocked or put into oak, I think they call it over here," the baron went on in subdued voice. "The suit at the hotel cost a thousand kronen. When we came here there was a month's rent in advance."

"Buy the diamond tiara—the ruby bracelet?"

"The tiara was left at the palace. The bracelet paid our passage."

"Mud the emerald pendant?"

"It has bought food."

"We have eaten my emerald pendant!" wailed Anna Victoria. "If I had known that I would not have swallowed a mouthful."

The baron hesitated, and it was with painful effort that he said:

"There is now but this single jewel, and—"

"And what?" questioned the queen in alarm at his extremely agitated manner.

"Your majesty's crown," he said chokingly.

"We must economize," Anna Victoria said to the baron in measured tones.

"That insolent minx gets \$5 a week," he replied.

"Capital!" cried Anna Victoria. "We will begin with Mary."

She tied the cook's apron clumsily about her shapely waist. "Now I shall do the cooking."

The baron, whose stomach was one that required delicate treatment, gave an involuntary shudder.

"Your majesty does not know how to cook, I fear," he said doubtfully.

Anna Victoria was all confidence.

"That one cannot say until one has tried," she answered sweetly. "Perhaps I can cook very well. Who knows?"

After a pause she added, "If we dismiss Mary we can have a carriage."

Cosac answered her sternly.

"We are absolutely bankrupt. Your majesty will soon have difficulty to obtain the plainest necessities."

"Our majesty doesn't want the plainest necessities," replied Anna Victoria in her softest tones. "What our majesty really needs is the luxuries."

"It may be months before we are recalled to Mostar," continued Cosac. "Our only immediate hope is in your majesty's betrothed husband." He extracted a newspaper clipping from his wallet. "He may arrive at any time," he read the clipping. "King Stephen from thonsla: He Will Be Penniless and Friends."

The queen, who had assumed a contemplative mood, now spoke decidedly. "Cosac, one of us must go to work."

"Your majesty," cried the baron with a horrified expression, "work! Labor for hire? Your majesty forgets her rank and mud mine. We could not prevent misfortune, but we can avoid disgrace."

He strutted back and forth in high dudgeon. The queen could not suppress a laugh.

"As I am, I could get a position through Mester Traylor," she went on.

Cosac adopted a confidential tone and manner.

"The American begins to be fond of your majesty, if I might speak frankly."

"Oh, that is easily mended. I need only let him know the difference in our stations. Tonight I shall tell him that I am a queen."

"You must discharge Mary," reminded Cosac.

"Let us leave that for King Stephen to handle when he comes."

"Afraid?" questioned the baron.

"Only a month ago your majesty exhiled six sedition nobles from Herzegovina for life."

"Yes, but that was an easy matter in comparison."

The bell rang, and Mary entered.

She shot a withering glance at Cosac and announced grimly. "The landlord!"

Anna Victoria stepped forward.

"Wait," she remarked to the baron.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at Current Topics

THIS brave man who went down with the ill-fated "Titanic," who gave their lives that women and children might be saved, are to be honored by women with a lasting memorial.

A committee of one hundred, composed of representative women, have formed the Women's Titanic Memorial Association. Mrs. John Hay, widow of the late secretary of state, is chairman, and Mrs. John Hays Hammond is secretary.

Mrs. William Howard Taft contributed the first dollar to the fund, which amount is the limit allowed to be subscribed by any one person.

A memorial arch will be erected in Washington and will be dedicated at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia. Ever since the building of the Academy of Music the annual commencement have been held there, but each year there has been an increasing demand for seats, which the opera house now furnishes.

Governor to Talk to Grade.
Nearly a thousand graduates of the University of Pennsylvania will listen to Governor Phillips L. Goldsborough of Maryland deliver the commencement address Wednesday morning June 19.

An innovation will be the change of the place of holding the exercises to the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia. Ever since the building of the Academy of Music the annual commencement have been held there, but each year there has been an increasing demand for seats, which the opera house now furnishes.

Commencement at Harvard.
The Harvard faculty has adopted the change in the commencement week programs suggested by the deans for the spring of 1911.

Under the rearrangement the exercises will fall on the Thursday preceding the last Wednesday in June, which this year is June 20. This shortens the college year by six days.

The class day festivities fall on the Tuesday preceding commencement day, June 18, giving opportunity for the seniors to hold their annual Memorial Hall spread Monday night and also leave Monday for Phi Beta Kappa day on Monday.

Wednesday will be given up to class dinners and like affairs, and the week's celebrations in Cambridge will close on Thursday.

The changes were made because of the conflicts in baseball dates with class day and the difficulty of arranging satisfactory dates for the boat races. Harvard and Yale commencement weeks now coincide.

It is planned to open the college year in September, two or three days earlier than heretofore.

The starboard-Yale boat race on the Thames river, New London, will be rowed Friday, June 21.

New Coats Proposed.

The treasury department is not opposed to the coinage of additional denominations of money and is not opposing the bill introduced by Representative Bulkley of Ohio providing for three cent and one-half cent pieces. The old three cent pieces were returned because they resembled the dimes too closely, and until recently the treasury consistently opposed an increase in the denominations of coins.

If the bill is enacted into law the three cent pieces will be made about the size of a nickel, with either a hole in the center or a scalloped edge. The design of the one-half cent piece will be considerably smaller than the dime and will have a scalloped edge.

A Ruler at Eighteen.

Europe's youngest reigning sovereign, and that a girl, will ascend a throne June 14. Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide will be eighteen years old on that date, and under the new law of accession in default of any legitimate male heirs she will then take over the affairs of the state of Luxembourg from her mother, who had been regent for her in the time elapsing since her father's death a short time ago. Her mother is the daughter of Don Miguel of Braganza.

June 14 falls on Friday, but the grand duchess is not superstitious, so does not look on Friday as an unlucky day.

The grand duchy of Luxembourg, which was included in the Germanic confederation from 1815 to 1866, was declared neutral territory in 1867 by the treaty of London. It has an area of 998 square miles.

Mexico's Representative.

Before accepting the post of ambassador to the United States Senor Manuel Calero was secretary of justice under the Madero administration and pre-

ferred to the hardships that infant life meets with among the Chinese and with such rigorous selection there results a stock displaying a peculiar hardness. Living in the overpopulated, man stifled land, profoundly ignorant of the principles of hygiene, the masses have developed an immunity to serious microbes which excites the wonder and envy of the foreigners, says the Chicago Daily News.

"They are not affected by a mosquito bite that will raise a large lump on the lately come foreigner," says Professor Ross. "They can use contaminated water from canals without incurring dysentery. There is very little typhoid, and when there is no attendant it was long doubted to be typhoid. All physicians agree that among the Chinese smallpox is a mild disease.

The chief of the army medical staff points out that during the autumn maneuvers the soldiers sleep on damp ground with a little straw under them without any ill effects.

"Coolies, after two hours of burden bearing at a dog trot, will shovel themselves full of hot rice, with scarcely any mastication, and hurry on for another two hours. A white man would writhe with indigestion. The Chinese seem able to sleep in any position. I have seen them sleeping on piles of bricks or stones or poles, with a block or a brick for a pillow and with the hot sun shining full into the face. They stand in cramped position longer than we can and can keep on longer of monotonous toil unrelieved by change or break."

Caring For the Eyes.

One of the most important things to consider in connection with caring for the eyes is the bath, and this should preferably be of rain or distilled water, says Harper's Basar. A pinch of salt, well dissolved, adds value to an eye bath, and a most soothing wash, which is administered in a little eyecup that fits over the open eye, is made by dissolving a level teaspoonful of pure boric acid in a quart of filtered or distilled water.

Boric acid must be dissolved in boiling water and then added to the rest in a quart bottle. Although everybody knows that one eye may often have an ailment not shared by the other, few remember to refrain from using the same cup for both eyes without washing it after the first has been bathed.

Framed.

Breach of promise was the subject of the discussion, and the lawyer had gone very fully into the pros and cons of the case with the prospective fair plaintiff.

"And have you," asked the man of law, "the proposal itself in black and white?"

The dear young thing blushed.

"Oh, no," she responded. "It's in violet and pink!"—London Answers.

THE GREATEST SIPHON.

It is Being Built to Send Water to New York City.

When we were little kids, sailing toy boats in the big washtub out in the back yard, we learned how a siphon may be used to make water pump itself. After we had grown tired of playing with our miniature dredges, grandpa showed us the trick of emptying the tub with a siphon made of an old piece of garden hose. He simply filled the hose with water, stuck one end in the tub, let the other hang over the side and the water lifted itself over the edge and flowed away.

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The Wreck of the Titan

By Morgan Robertson

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SYNOPSIS

The great steamer Titan, supposed to be unsinkable, starts across the Atlantic. Rowland, once a lieutenant, now a common sailor, meets his old love Myra. She is with her husband and child.

The Titan cuts a ship in two, and her captain endeavors to conceal the crime. Rowland objects. The captain gives him whisky, so that he will be discredited. Myra accuses him of attempting to murder her child.

CHAPTER III. Mother and Child.

DRIVING his wet hands on his trousers, Rowland lifted the tot and said tenderly, "Well, little one, you must run back to mamma. You're in bad company." The innocent eyes smiled into his own, and then—a foolish proceeding, which only bachelors are guilty of—he held her above the rail in jesting menace. "Shall I drop you over to the fishes, baby?" he asked, while his features softened to an unwonted smile. The child gave a little scream of fright, and at that instant a young woman appeared around the corner. She sprang toward Rowland like a tigress, snatched the child, stared at him for a moment with dilated eyes and then disappeared, leaving him limp and nerveless breathing hard.

"It is her child," he groaned. "That was the mother look. She is married, married!" He resumed his work with a face as near the color of the paint he was scrubbing as the tanned skin of a sailor may become.

Ten minutes later the captain in his office was listening to a complaint from a very excited man and woman.

"And you say, edocel," said the captain, "that this man Rowland is an old enemy?"

"He is—or was once—a rejected admirer of Mrs. Selfridge. That is all I know of him, except that he has hinted at revenge. My wife is certain of what she saw, and I think the man should be confined."

"Why, captain," said the woman vehemently as she hugged her child, "you should have seen him! He was just about to drop Myra over as I seized her, and he had such a frightful leer on his face too. Oh, it was hideous! I shall not sleep another wink in this ship, I know."

"I beg you will give yourself no uneasiness, madam," said the captain gravely. "I have already learned something of his antecedents—that he is a disgraced and broken-down naval officer. But as he has sailed three voyages with us I had credited his willingness to work before the mast to his craving for honor, which he could not satisfy without money. How ever, as you think, he may be following you. Was he able to learn of your movements—that you were to take passage in this ship?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the husband. "He must know some of Mrs. Selfridge's friends."

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly. "I have heard him spoken of several times."

"Then it is clear," said the captain. "If you will agree, madam, to testify against him in the English courts I will immediately put him in irons for attempted murder."

"Oh, do, captain!" she exclaimed. "I cannot feel safe while he is at liberty. Of course I will testify."

"Whatever you do, captain," said the husband savagely, "rest assured that I shall put a bullet through his head if he meddles with me or my mate. Then you can put me in iron."

"I will see that he is attended to, colonel," replied the captain as he bowed them out of his office.

But as a murder charge is not always the best way to discredit a man and as the captain did not believe that the man who had killed him would murder a child and as the charge would be difficult to prove in any case and would cause him much trouble and annoyance, he did not order the arrest of John Rowland, but merely directed that for the time he should be kept at work by day in the tween deck out of sight of the passengers.

Rowland, surprised at the sudden transfer from the disagreeable scrubbing to a "soldier's job" of painting life buoys in the warm 'ween deck, was shrewd enough to know that he was being closely watched by the boatswain that morning, but not shrewd enough to affect any symptoms of intoxication or drugging, which might have satisfied his anxious superiors and brought him more whisky. As a result of his brighter eyes and steadier voice—due to the curative sea air—when he turned out for the first dog watch on deck at 4 o'clock the captain and boatswain held an interview in the chart room, in which the former said: "Do not be alarmed. It is not poison. He is halfway into the horrors now, and this will merely bring them on. He will see snakes, ghosts, goblins, shipwrecks, fire and all sorts of things. It works in two or three hours. Just drop it into his drinking pot while the port forecastle is empty."

There was a fight in the port fore-

castle—to which Rowland belonged—at supper time, which need not be described beyond mention of the fact that Rowland, who was not a participant, had his pot of tea dashed from his hand before he had taken three swallows. He procured a fresh supply and finished his supper, then, taking no part in his watch mates' open discussion of the fight and guarded discussion of collisions, rolled into his bunk and smoked until eight bells, when he turned out with the rest.

"Rowland," said the big boatswain as the watch mustered on deck, "take the starboard bridge lookout."

"It is not my trick, boatswain," said Rowland in surprise.

"Orders from the bridge. Get up there."

Rowland grumbled, as sailors may when aggrieved, and obeyed. The man relieved reported his name and disappeared. The first officer sauntered down the bridge, uttered the official "Keep a good lookout" and returned to his post; then the silence and loneliness of a night watch at sea, intensified by the never ceasing hum of the engines and relieved only by the sounds of distant music and laughter from the theater, descended on the forward part of the ship, for the fresh westerly wind coming with the Titan made nearly a cabin on her deck, and the dense fog, though overhanging



She Sprang Toward Rowland Like a Tigress.

by a bright star-speckled sky, was so chilly that the last talkative passenger had fled to the light and life within.

When three bells—9:30 had sounded and Rowland had given his last the required call, "All's well," the first of four left his post and approached him. "Rowland," he said as he drew near, "at least you've walked the quarter-deck!"

"I cannot imagine how you learned it, sir," replied Rowland. "I am not in the habit of referring to it."

"You told the captain. I suppose the current is as complete at Annapolis as at the Royal Naval college. What do you think of Murray's theories of currents?"

"They seem plausible," said Rowland, unconsciously dropping the "sir,"

"but I think that in most particulars he has been proved wrong."

"Yes, I think so myself. Did you ever follow up another idea of his—that of locating the position of ice in a fog by the rate of decrease in temperature as approached?"

"Not to any definite result. But it seems to be only a matter of calculation and time to calculate. Cold is negative heat and can be treated like radiant energy, decreasing as the square of the distance."

The officer stood a moment looking ahead and humming a tune to himself, then, saying, "Yes; that's so," returned to his place.

"Must have a cast iron stomach," he muttered as he peered into the binnacle, "or else the boatswain'd done the wrong man's pot."

Rowland glanced after the retreating officer with a cynical smile. "I wonder," he said to himself, "why he comes down here talking navigation to a foremast hand. Why am I up here—out of my turn? Is this something in line with that bottle?" He resumed the short piping back and forth on the end of the bridge, and the rather gloomy train of thought which the officer had interrupted.

"How long," he mused, "would his ambition and love of profession last him after he had met and won and lost the only woman on earth to him? Why is it that failure to hold the affections of one among the millions of women who live and love can outweigh every blessing in life and turn a man's nature into a hell to consume him? Who did she marry? Some one, probably a stronger, longer after my baptism, who came to her possessed of a few qualities of mind or physique that pleased her, who did not need to love her—like chances were better without that—and her steps coolly and easily into my heaven. And they tell us that 'God doeth all things well' and that there is a heaven where all our unsatisfied wants are attended to—provided we have the necessary faith in it. That means, if it means anything, that after a lifetime of unrecognized allegiance, during which I win nothing but her fear and contempt, I may be rewarded by the love and companionship of her son. Do I love her soul? Has her soul beauty of face and the figure and carriage of a Venus? Has her soul deep blue eyes and a sweet

musical voice? Has it wit and grace and charm? Has it a wealth of pity for suffering? Those are the things I loved. I do not love her soul, if she has one. I do not want it. I want her—I need her." He stopped in his walk and leaned against the bridge railing, with eyes fixed on the fog ahead. He was speaking his thoughts aloud now, and the first officer drew within hearing, listened a moment and went back. "Working on him," he whispered to the third officer. Then he pushed the button which called the captain, blew a short blast of the steam whistle as a call to the boatswain and resumed his watch on the drugged lookout, while the third officer counted the ship.

The steam call to the boatswain is so common a sound on a steamship as to generally pass unnoticed. This call affected another besides the boatswain. A little nightgown figure arose from an undershirt in a saloon stateroom and, with wide open, staring eyes, groped his way to the deck unobserved by the watchman. The white, bare little feet felt on cold as they pattered the planks of the deserted promenade, and the little figure had reached the steering entrance by the time the captain and boatswain had reached the bridge.

"And they talk," went on Rowland as the three watched and listened, "of the wonderful love and care of a merciful God, who controls all things, who has given me my defects and my penalty for loving and then placed Myra Gaunt in my way. Is there mercy to me in this? As part of a great evolutionary principle, which develops the race life at the expense of the individual, it might be consistent with the idea of a God—a first cause that does the individual who perishes, because unable to survive, owe any love or gratitude to this God? He does not! On the supposition that he exists, I deny it. And on the complete lack of evidence that he does exist, I affirm to myself the integrity of cause and effect, which is enough to explain the universe and me. A merciful God—a kind, loving, just and merciful God!" He burst into a fit of incommodious laughter, which stopped short as he clapped his hands to his stomach and then to his head. "What allison?" he gasped. "I feel as though I had swallowed hot coals—and my hand and my eyes—I can't see. The pain left him in a moment, and the laugh returned. "What's wrong with the starboard anchor? It's gone!" he cried. "It's a what? It's a what? What's earth like? On end and the world is all the same in here, and the day is all the same in here!"

The sight he saw would have been forced to a human eye, had it only moved this man to tears and unceasing terror. The two crabs he had seized before had in a shadowy triangle, and within it were the two fittings he had mentioned. These crabs had been a thral of iron—dark and forbidding. The two end barrels were the blinding, lightless eyes of a monstrosity named, for which the crab-claws had multiplied themselves into numerous legs and tentacles. And this thing was writhing around within the triangle. The sun her daylit were many headed serpents which danced on their tails and squirmed in the shape of immense hairy caterpillars, while flames appeared in the two white lantern towers, glaring and leering at him. With his hands on the bridge rail and tears streaming down his face, he laughed at the strange sight, but did not speak, and the three, who had quietly approached, drew back to wait, while below on the promenade deck the little white figure was though attracted by his laughter, turned into the stairway leading to the upper deck.

The phantasmagoria faded to a blank wall of gray fog, and Rowland found sanity to matter. "They've drugged me," but in an instant he stood in the darkness of a garden, one that he had known. In the distance were the lights of a house, and close to him was a young girl, who turned from him and fled, even as he called to her.

By a supreme effort of will he brought himself back to the present, to the bridge he stood upon and to his duty. "Why must I hurt me through the years?" he groaned. "Drunk then, drunk since? She could have saved me, but she chose to damn me." He strove to pace up and down, but staggering and clutching at the rail, while the three watchers approached again, and the little white figure below climbed the upper bridge steps.

"The survival of the fittest," he rambled as he stared into the fog—"cause and effect. It explains the universe—and me." He lifted his hand and spoke loudly, as though to some unseen familiar of the deep. "What will be the last effect? Where in the scheme of ultimate balance, under the law of the correlation of energy, will my wasted wealth of love be gathered and weighed and credited? What will balance it, and where will I be? Myra,

Myra," he called, "do you know what



The Little White Figure Stood at His Feet.

you have lost? Do you know, in your goodness and purity and truth, of what you have done? Do you know?"

The fabric on which he stood was gone, and he seemed to be poised on nothing in a worldless universe of gray alone. And in the vast, featureless emptiness there was no sound or life or change and in his heart neither fear nor wonder nor emotion of any kind save one, the insatiable hunger of a bore that had failed. Yet it seemed that he was not John Rowland, but some one or something else, for presently he saw himself far away, millions of billions of miles, thoughts on the outermost fringes of the void, and heard his own voice calling faintly, yet distinctly, filled with the concentrated despair of his life, came the call, "Myra, Myra!"

There was an answering call, and looking for the second voice, he beheld the woman of his love—on the opposite edge of space, and her eyes held the tenderness and her voice held the pleading that he had known but in dreams. "Come back," she called. "Come back to me!" But it seemed that the two could not understand, for again he heard the departing cry, "Myra, Myra, where are you?" and again the answer, "Come back! Come back!"

Then in the far distance to the right appeared a faint point of flame which grew larger. It was approaching, and he distastefully viewed it, and when he looked again for the two they were gone, and in their places were two clouds of smoke which he could not identify, yet of spirit. They had come from the center of the bridge, and the smoke was all silent. And through the smoke the two voices continued to call.

He was still in the garden, and the girl was still there, and the two clouds of smoke were still there, and the two voices were still there, and he was still in the garden, and the girl was still there, and the two clouds of smoke were still there, and the two voices were still there.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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